

And makes him rore these Accusations forth.
 But he shall know I am as good.
Gloster. As good?
 Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.
Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
 But one imperious in anothers Throne?
Gloster. Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest?
Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?
Gloster. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,
 And vseth it, to patronage his Theft.
Winch. Vnreuerent *Gloster.*
Gloster. Thou art reuerent,
 Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.
Winch. Rome shall remedie this.
Warw. Roame thither then.
 My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear.
Som. I see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:
 Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,
 And know the Office that belongs to such.
Warw. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,
 It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.
Warw. State holy, or vnhallow'd, what of that?
 Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. *Plantagenet* I see must hold his tongue,
 Least it be said, Speake Sir ha when you should:
 Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
 Else would I haue a fling at *Winchester.*
King. *Vnckles of Gloster*, and of *Winchester*,
 The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,
 I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,
 To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.
 Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
 That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?
 Beleue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
 Ciuill dissention is a viperous Worme,
 That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.
A noyse within, Downe with the Tawny-Coats.
King. What tumult's this?
Warw. An Vpore, I dare warrant,
 Begun through malice of the Bishops men.
A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.
Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous Henry,
 Pitty the Citie of London, pittie vs:
 The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosters men,
 Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
 Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;
 And banding themselves in contrary parts,
 Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,
 That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:
 Our Windows are broke downe in euery Street,
 And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.
King. We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,
 To hold your slaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:
 Pray *Vnckle Gloster* mitigate this strife.
1. Serving. Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall
 to it with our Teeth.
2. Serving. Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.
Skirmish againe.
Gloster. You of my household, leaue this peeuisish broyle,
 And set this vnaccustom'd fight aside.

3. Serv. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
 Iust, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,
 Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:
 And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
 So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
 To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,
 Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,
 And haue our bodies slaughtred by thy foes.
1. Serv. I, and the very parings of our Nayles
 Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

Begin againe.
Gloster. Stay, stay, I say:
 And if you loue me, as you say you doe,
 Let me perswade you to forbear a while.
King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule,
 Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
 My fighes and teares, and will not once relent?
 Who should be pittifull, if you be not?
 Or who should study to preferre a Peace,
 If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?
Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Winchester*,
 Except you meane with obstinate repulse
 To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme,
 You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too,
 Hath bene enacted through your enmitie:
 Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Winch. He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld.
Gloster. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,
 Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest
 Should euer get that priuiledge of me.
Warw. Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke
 Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,
 As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:
 Why looke you still so sterne, and tragical?
Gloster. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand,
King. Fie *Vnckle Beauford*, I haue heard you preach,
 That Mallice was a great and grievous sinne:
 And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
 But proue a chiefe offender in the same.

Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:
 For shame my Lord of Winchester relent;
 What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?
Winch. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yeeld to thee
 Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.
Gloster. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart,
 See here my Friends and louing Countrey men,
 This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,
 Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:
 So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.
King. Oh louing *Vnckle*, kinde Duke of Gloster,
 How ioyfull am I made by this Contract.
 Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,
 But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done.
1. Serv. Content, Ile to the Surgeons.
2. Serv. And so will I.
3. Serv. And I will see what Physick the Tauerne af-
 fords.

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,
 Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
 We doe exhibite to your Maiestie.
Gloster. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for sweet Prince,
 And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,
 You haue great reason to doe *Richard* right,
 Especially for those occasions
 At Eltam Place I told your Maiestie.

King. And

King. And those occasions, *Vnckle*, were of force:
 Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,
 That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.
Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
 So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.
Winch. As will the rest, so willet *Winchester*.
King. If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,
 But all the whole Inheritance I giue,
 That doth belong vnto the House of *Torke*,
 From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.
Rich. Thy humble seruant vowes obedience,
 And humble seruice, till the point of death.
King. Stoupe then, and set your Knee against my Foot,
 And in reguerdon of that dutie done,
 I gyre thee with the valiant Sword of *Torke*:
 Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
 And rise created Princely Duke of *Torke*.
Rich. And so thrise *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,
 And as my dutie springs, so perish they,
 That grudge one thought against your Maiesty.
All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Torke*.
Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Torke*.
Gloster. Now will it best auail your Maiestie,
 To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:
 The presence of a King engenders loue
 Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,
 As it disanimates his Enemies.
King. When *Gloster* sayes the word, *King Henry* goes,
 For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.
Gloster. Your Ships already are in readinesse.
Sent. Flourish. *Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,
 Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
 This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,
 Burnes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue,
 And will at last breake out into a flame,
 As festered members rot but by degree,
 Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,
 So will this base and enuious discord breed.
 And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,
 Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fifth,
 Was in the mouth of euery sucking Babe,
 That *Henry* borne at Monmouth should winne all,
 And *Henry* borne at Windsor, loose all:
 Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish,
 His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Pucell disguised, with foure Souldiours with
 Sacks vpon their backs.*
Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
 Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.
 Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
 Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,
 That come to gather Money for their Corne.
 If we haue entrance, as I hope we shall,
 And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,
 Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,
 That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City.
 And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan,
 Therefore wee'le knock. *Knock.*
Watch. *Che la.*
Pucell. *Peasants la pourre gens de France,*
 Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.
Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.
Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the
 ground. *Exeunt.*
Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.
Charles. Saint *Dennis* bleste this happy Stratageme,
 And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan.
Bastard. Here entered *Pucell*, and her Practifants:
 Now she is there, how will she specifie?
 Here is the best and safest passage in.
Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
 Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,
 No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred.
*Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a
 Torch burning.*
Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
 That ioyneeth Roan vnto her Countrey men,
 But burning fatall to the *Talbotites*.
Bastard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
 The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.
Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Reuenge,
 A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.
Reig. Deferre no time, delays haue dangerous ends,
 Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,
 And then doe execution on the Watch. *Alarm.*

An Alarm. Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,
 If *Talbot* but suruiue thy Trecherie.
Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,
 Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe ynauares,
 That hardly we escap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*
*An Alarm: Excursions. Bedford brought
 in sicke in a Chayre.*

*Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell,
 Charles, Bastard, and Reigneir on the Walls.*
Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
 I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,
 Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.
 'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?
Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,
 I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
 And make thee curse the Haruest of that Corne.
Charles. Your Grace may starue (perhaps) before that
 time.

Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Treason.
Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
 Breake a Lance, and runne a Tilt at Death,
 Within a Chayre.
Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,
 Incompas'd with thy lustfull Paramours,
 Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
 And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead?
 Damsell, Ile haue a bowt with you againe,
 Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.
Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir: yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,
 If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.
They whisper together in counsell.
 God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?
 1 2 *Talb. Dares*